

# THE LAND OF OHHELLO.

STRANGE FEATURES AND CHARACTERS OF A MOHAMMEDAN STRONGHOLD.

(Special Correspondence of the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.)

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TANGIER, Morocco.—Come with me this bright Sunday morning and take a look at some of the odd things in this land of Ohhello. The somber-faced Moors are going to and fro through the streets and we shall meet with many a scowl. We shall not see the faces of their Desdemonas, and we shall have to move carefully for fear of giving offense. We shall first take a bird's-eye view of Tangier before we start to walk through it. The city lies on the edge of the Atlantic ocean in a hollow or nest in these wild African hills. It has a big wall around it and its blue and white houses remind me of a lot of gigantic store boxes jumbled together in all sorts of shapes. The highest part is the citadel, where the governor lives. There he holds court and there is his prison, where scores of half-naked miserable beings are shut up, with chains around their legs. At night they sleep on the stones, all tied together by one chain which binds the necks of the whole criminal crowd. They do their own cooking, and their friends must furnish the food or they starve on short rations of dry bread and water. There is no habes corpus set here, and it is not hard for a man of influence to get a poorer brother in jail.

## TANGIER FROM THE CITADEL.

Let us stand together near the governor's palace and take a look over the city. What a strange town is this within almost rifle shot of Europe, here at the beginning of the twentieth century. The roofs are flat and there is not a chimney in sight. There are no smokestacks and no smoke. There are 60,000 people living in that jumble of houses below us, and they eat at least three meals a day. Their cooking is done upon fires of charcoal made in clay basins, half the size of a wash bowl with a hole at the side for the draft. Some of the larger establishments have little brick ovens built into the walls of their kitchens, but the cooking there is done the same way. The land about here is useless and the fuel is costly, an armful of faggots as big as a broom handle costing a dollar; charcoal is proportionately high.

About all the washing is done in cold water. We can see the clothes drying on the roofs of the houses. There are but few yards, and the laundresses often dry their clothes near the streams, outside the city, where they wash, pounding the garments on the stones.

## THE WATER WORKS OF THE MOORS.

There is a scarcity of water in almost every Moroccan city. Tangier has no waterworks, and it is short on sewers and other modern improvements. The streets are sprinkled by men who go through them with goatskin bags on their backs, bending half double as they scatter the drops here and there. Each bag holds about 10 gallons and the sprinkling water comes from the sea. Other carriers go from house to house, with fresh water, which they bring from the wells or the streams outside the city. They ring bells as they go and have little brass cups in which they will give you all you can drink for less than a cent. I should, however, as soon think of drinking a cup of pure typhoid bacteria as of tasting such water, although I stopped one of these ragged old water beggars to-day and bought a cup while my guide, Mohammed, snapped my camera. Such men receive about four cents per skin-

full, and they aid in supplying the household. Much of the cooking and washing water is brought into the city in little five-gallon kegs, two or three of which are slung on each side of a donkey, the peddler sitting on top or walking behind. I venture that there are 500 men who tote water in one way or another in this town of Tangier.

## THE DRAYS OF TANGIER.

"And why do they not have water wagons?" I heartily ask. Open the eyes of your imagination and see. These streets are so narrow that they could not be pushed through them. In some I can stand in the center and touch both walls with my hands. There is not a wheeled vehicle inside this whole town, and for that matter, there are not a half-dozen in all Morocco. This country, which is six times as large as the state of Ohio, and which contains one-tenth as many people as our whole country, has no other roads than bridle paths, and all transportation is on horses, mules, donkeys or camels, and also upon men. Here in Tangier there is not even a hand cart or a wheelbarrow, but there are so many passenger donkeys that one has to jump from side to side to keep out of their way. They go along without bridles or halters, directed by the cries and the sticks of the donkey boys, who follow behind. They are the drays of Tangier.

## HOW FREIGHT IS CARRIED.

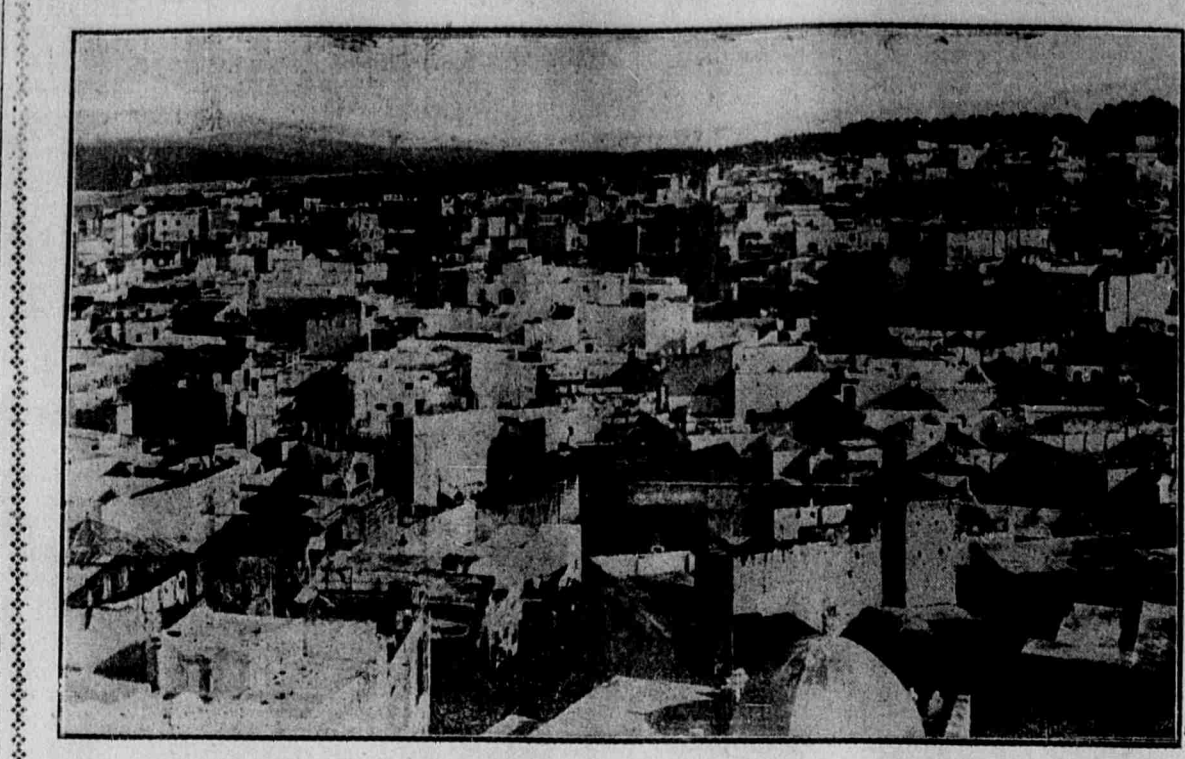
These pack donkeys carry enormous loads. I saw today two little fellows not much higher than my waist, almost covered by an upright piano, which rested on their backs as they walked through the main streets of the city. Every one knows what such a thing weighs and how six men are required to lift one over a wall. The piano was in a pine box and the little beasts carried it on their bare backs, steadied by two porters, who walked at the side. The animals had enormous ears and their rat-like tails, shaved close, made me think of abbreviated black snake whips. Both were ragged and knotty and scarred with the sores where their masters had cut away the skin in order that they might be easier to lead them onward by goading the raw flesh.

Among the other donkey sights I saw this afternoon was a caravan, each animal loaded with two heavy bags of flour. The little fellows had to brace themselves while the men threw on the bags, and they went off staggering. I saw one stumble and throw his load over his head. It took two lusty porters to replace the sacks. My heavy trunks were brought from the boat to the hotel upon donkeys, and I have seen donkeys without number carrying sand in baskets, bringing in charcoal and wood and even loaded with stones and bricks for building material. There is a new business block going up now not far from the American legation, all the bricks and sand for which is carried upon donkeys.

## MULES AND HORSES.

Some freighting is done by mules. I saw two going along the street to-day with the iron girders for a building strapped to their backs. The mules also serve as riding animals, and I have ridden for miles upon them through the country about. The saddles are great red cushions a foot thick, and the stirrups so big that they rest the whole foot from the heel to the toe. The mules sit on their haunches, with their long legs hanging down. The native women ride astride. They look like rag bags tied to the saddles, and their covered heads bob up and down as the beasts jog along.

Morocco has many fine horses of Arabian blood. Some of those here are ridden by Moors clad in long white gowns, with high pointed hoods which hang loose about their fierce bearded



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF TANGIER IN 1907.

From a Photograph Taken Specially for the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.

faces. Some such belong to the Moorish cavalry, as may be seen by the rifles they carry. They are dressed all in white, their faces all complexioned, and their knees are high upon the saddle.

## MOORISH STREET SCENE.

But turn now and look at the people as they pass by. Notice these sober-faced Mohammedans dressed all in white, their faces all complexioned, and their knees are high upon the saddle. They are all bearded, and the elder ones have long gray whiskers which hang down on the chest. Many wear turbans, and the bare feet of all are clad in bright yellow slippers. Observe how friendly they are with each other. Those two old men in the corner have been gossiping for more than an hour. A little later these streets will be bordered with groups of men sitting on the ground or upon low stools, leaning back against the walls as they chat together. They spend a great deal of time in the tea houses and are fond of entertaining each other. This is a Mohammedan land, and no one ever introduces his wife or daughter to his friend. The two sexes are kept wide apart, and this throws the men more together and makes friendship among them a more common feature than in our part of the world.

## NEGROES, JEWS AND OTHERS.

In addition to the Moors dressed in white there are other odd characters which we meet at every step. There are rough fellows in gowns and hoods of dark gray or brown, fierce looking mountaineers with brown faces and negro slaves as black as a stove. There are many mulattoes. There are men from the desert and beyond, travelers from Fez and other Moroccan towns and laborers, some of whom are almost in rags.

One queer genius is a beggar who claims to have been in America. He makes a weird music with cymbals, singing and singing and blubbering at the mouth as he does so. When I saw him today he said: "Master, you American, I been in America. I been in Sheenago, Buffalo, Cleveland, St. Louis, Omaha, Philadelphia, Washington. I Soudan man with Barnum circus. I travel all over. You American, suppose you give money." The word Washington caught me and I handed him a few coppers. He then danced away blubbering and jingling his cymbals.

## THE WOMEN OF THE MOORS.

Among the strange sights here are the women. One does not see much of them. Except an eye or so, but they look out nevertheless. If one of your American girls will take a well-worn blanket of thin white flannel and drape it about your body, over your clothes, so that it hides the whole of your person, wrapping a fold or so about the head and leaving only a crack for one eye, or perhaps both, you will have a fair representation of the common Moorish girl as she goes along the streets. The only bare skin one can see is the little section about the eyes; at least, not until the lady gets by. She shows more at the rear than the front, and often more than the legs. The American girl shows when clad in her stockings. The bare heels of these maidens can always be seen, rising and falling, in their high slippers, as, bent half double, they hasten along. The women here do not loiter and chat on the streets, and though they often visit their friends they spend but little time at the doors while greeting each other, and there are no front gates for them to hang over while they discuss the servant question or retail the last scandal. Some of the lower class females go about with bare faces, and an old woman may, now and then, drop the covering which hides her features. The young and the pretty are always kept hidden, and I notice that many have a cotton or some other cloth wrapped tightly about the lower part of the face in addition to the outside covering, which they hold tight as they go.

## THEY LIKE GOOD CLOTHES.

I am told that the Moorish girls are fond of fine clothes, and that these ghosly wrappings often hide costly garments. They wear a kaftan, a sort of waist and skirt which reaches to the feet, and over this a garment of the goods, through which the bright kaftan shows. They have belts of leather or sashes of gold thread. They sometimes have handkerchiefs about their heads, held up by cardboard. They are fond of jewelry and load themselves down with earrings, bracelets and anklets. They paint the eyebrows, lips and cheeks, but do not tattoo.

## SLAVERY STILL COMMON.

As far as I can learn, the Moorish ladies have an easy time. They nearly all have slaves, and this is especially so of those outside Tangier. There are also slaves here, but the chief markets for them are in the cities of the south, this place being too near Europe to permit their being publicly exposed and sold. Most of the slaves come from the Soudan, and the greater part are females. Coal black negroes are in great demand, and they will bring from \$20 to \$1,000, according to age and beauty. One of the dragomen about the hotel here tells me he bought an eleven-year-old girl last week for about \$20, and he added that she pleased him so well that he would not take \$150 for his bargain. Such slaves become a part of the family and their children are considered legitimate.

## HOW THE MOORS MARRY.

It is difficult to learn much about the customs of courtship and marriage in a land where the woman subject is tabooed, but I can give you some information. Every Mohammedan here,



SUDANESE MUSICIAN.

Who Said, "I Have Been in America With Barnum."

as elsewhere, has the right to four wives, but these Moors as a rule have but one. The chief reason for this is that two or more female heads of a family create discord, and the husband has to keep as many different establishments as he has wives. In Fez, where the people are richer, it is somewhat different; but even there the wealthy Moor prefers to add slaves to his harem to taking on an extra wife.

Marriages are made at an early age. Girls wed at fifteen or sixteen and young men at twenty or twenty-five. There is no such thing as courtship, and the matches are usually arranged by the parents of the respective families. There is always a marriage contract and the groom is expected to pay a dowry. In a marriage among wealthy families there are always preliminary feasts and presents. The groom sends dates and other fruits to his sweet heart, and the prospective bride puts herself into training in order that she may look her best at the wedding. She takes frequent steam baths, and for a week before the marriage has one every day. At the same time her cheeks are painted with rouge, and her finger nails, toe nails, and even her feet and the lower parts of her arms and legs are decorated with henna, a red coloring matter, which is in common use throughout the orient.

## AT THE WEDDING.

I have seen a number of wedding processions here in Tangier. The bride is carried about in a great covered chair or box, and there is music and dancing. The ceremony usually takes place on Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sunday. It consists largely of the couple joining hands while prayers are said over them. On her wedding day the bride is carried about on the shoulders of the slaves, and a great fuss is made. Her girl friends keep her company, and there is a wedding feast which lasts almost all night. This is followed by other feasts throughout the next week or more.

I am told that a Moorish husband's first duty is to unbind his wife's hair,

Queer Moorish Customs of 1907—Cooking in Clay Basins and Drinking from Goatskins—Women Clad in Blankets and Men in Gowns—Courtships and Weddings—Every Bride Gets Seven Hot Baths—A Land of Pigails and Turbans—Donkeys Which Carry Upright Pianos.

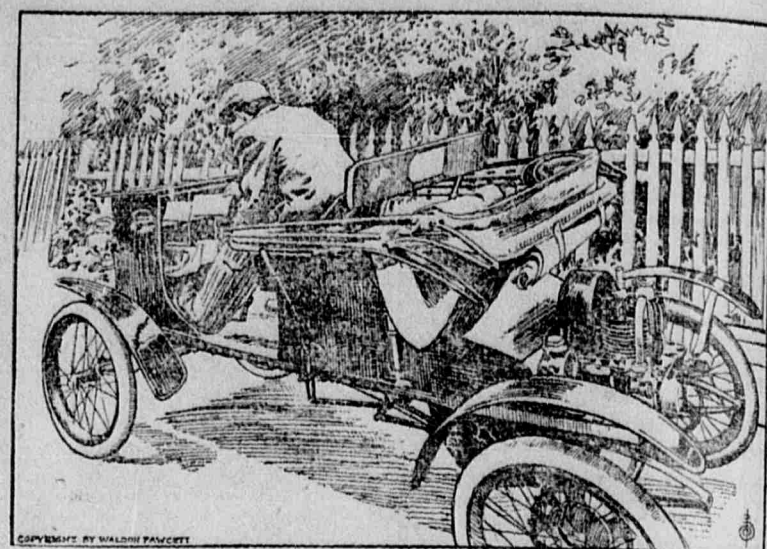
The boy's head is shaved as soon as he is born, and is kept shaved for the greater part of his life thereafter. Each rich family has its own barber, and the barber keeps the head of the boy in order for nothing until he is married. At that time he receives a present and is well paid thereafter. Every man is shaved regularly, and the whole head is scraped except the lock left on the crown, by which a handle the Mohammedan thinks he may be pulled into heaven. The man shaved sits upon the ground, the barber soaping and lathering him as he bends over him. The hair is cut close to the scalp, a

good job leaving it like the skin of a drum head sprinkled with black pepper. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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LORD DELAVAL

## NEGROES CLAIM TITLE OF BRITISH PEERESS.

Lord Charles Beresford and Lord Marcus Beresford will soon leave for the United States to take over and realize the estate of their brother, Lord Delaval, who was killed in a railroad wreck in North Dakota.

The estate, roughly estimated at \$1,000,000, was left by Lord Delaval to be divided equally between them and the son of the late Lord William Beresford, another brother, who was the husband of Lily, Duchess of Marlborough.

This is the intention of these British noblemen, but they may be thwarted by litigation instituted by Flora Wolff, a negress of El Paso, Texas, who was left \$10,000 by Lord Delaval and who says that for 20 years she lived with him as his wife and was everywhere known as Lady Beresford. She says she will fight in the courts for a widow's share of the estate and promises to make it very interesting for the family of the dead man. Her right, she maintains, lies in a contract "marriage" without formal ceremony.